



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

Federal Bureau of Idiocy



fbi

napkins

liamleblanc13

38 6 5

Chapter 1 by LiamLeblanc13

The FBI once, long ago, was a very important law enforcement agency. They took care of many important crimes.

That all changed when it was renamed the Federal Bureau of Idiocy.

The government fired all FBI agents and replaced them with... well, idiots.

Now, this story begins on a sunny summer day, in France. Jeffy, a particularly stupid FBI officer, arrived at the Louvre, in France.

He had been called to the Louvre because alarms were blazing everywhere. It was very chaotic.

But he was not sure what was stolen. A granola bar? Some toilet paper? He would have to find out.

Just then, the manager of the Louvre ran over to Jeffy.

What was stolen? asked Jeffy.

See more of Story Wars

The manager looked at Jeffy. "The granola bar."

Jeffy looked back in horror.

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

All of the napkins?

That was a crime. And Jeffy would have to solve it.

Chapter 2 by James



Jeffy started questioning with the exact same competence and forethought as he always did. "When were the napkins last spotted?"

The manager stared into the distance as he scoured his memory, searching for anything that would lead to the return of his precious napkins. Suddenly Jeffy saw a single tear roll down the manager's cheek, glistening as it did so, and for a moment the manager was as beautiful as the exquisite works of art that surrounded the two men.

"I..." He stuttered between small sobs. "I...I don't know. I think it may have been in the food court but I... I DON'T REMEMBER!"

All of a sudden the manager lost all composure, and with it his dignity. He fell into Jeffy's arm and what had been a magnificent specimen of the human condition only moments ago had now been reduced to a babbling idiot.

"JUST HELP ME FIND MY NAPKINS."

As the manager lay sobbing in Jeffy's embrace, he felt pity for the man.

"I will do what I can." Jeffy brushed the manager off, who promptly fell to the floor and into the fetal position. "How could someone commit such a heinous crime as this?" he thought to himself. But there was no time for introspection. Jeffy knew where he had to go next. He raised his hand into the air, and cried, "TO THE FOOD COURT!"

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Continue the story

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account